

KINSLEY GRAPHIC.

KANSAS

The Top Side of the Earth.

A TRUE STORY.
By Rev. W. E. Barton.

The following story is reprinted from the New York Independent, and is preceded in that publication by a note from the editor of the Independent which adds interest to the story, and which we also reproduce:

[A recent article in The Independent by our excellent friend, "Dicast," refers to the Rev. John Jasper, who was buried at Richmond on the 4th of April, as "the last outspoken defender of the old astronomy." The following article shows that the statement is not quite correct. There still live many thousands of such outspoken defenders. Dr. Barton writes that he prepared the paper which follows at the same time that he was writing his story, "Pine Knot." As the story progressed he found use for the incident, and with slight modifications embodied it in the story. Readers of the book who may have supposed it an imaginary event, and as such the reviews have treated it, will see that it was essentially true to fact. It is easier for reasonably intelligent people to believe that "the sun do run," which was Brother Jasper's way of putting it, than we may at first imagine.]

"WHAT discovery have you made in your later years which would modify your preaching if you had to begin anew?"

I thought this a pretty good question, and I waited for my friend, the venerable minister, to reply. He thought a moment, and then said:

"The discovery that there is more to be said than I once thought on the other side of almost any question."

It was my first term of school in the Kentucky mountains. I had gone out for my college vacation, and was having a very comfortable time among the hospitable, kind-hearted people of the Cumberland mountains, and was earning money toward my next year's expenses. Having few text-books in my school, except Webster's "Old Blueback" speller, I gave the school oral lessons in other branches. It was thus that the minister's son learned from me that the earth is round.

I am afraid I was not as tactful as I ought to have been. As I remember it, it seems to me a pity that I was unable to conciliate the father, or to assure him that his son was not in danger from my teaching. At last he took the boy out of school, saying that while his progress was satisfactory in other things, he could not have him taught infidelity.

The event made no small stir in the community. Some people agreed with the minister and some with the teacher. The man with whom I boarded, an intelligent man and a member of the legislature, proposed a public discussion of the question.

It was a "stir-off" that we arranged for the debate. The minister owned a cane mill, and took it from farm to farm in the season, grinding out the cane juice and boiling the sap into molasses. The sap which had boiled several hours was ready to be dipped into kegs at night, and a merry throng surrounded the fire and waited for the pan to come off. When they lifted it off and the molasses began to cool a score of newly-whittled paddles came into requisition. All hands scraped the edges of the pan where the molasses was thickest, licked the paddles clean and came again.

I had had molasses enough, and was watching the crowd around the pan, when the minister came to me with a challenge to a public debate. I accepted, and we quickly arranged the details amid a hum of merry voices and occasional laughter about the pan.

It was agreed that the minister should call as his colleague another minister from Laurel county; that I should find another school-teacher to assist me; that the debate should occupy two evenings; that on each night the four speakers should consume three-quarters of an hour apiece in opening, and the leaders a half hour each in closing. The plan was the same for both evenings, except that the two sides were to alternate in opening and closing; the teachers had to close; the preachers began and ended the discussion on the second night. Each side was to choose a judge, and the two were to choose a third, who were to render a decision at the close of the second evening.

The discussion took place in the log schoolhouse. There was a fire in the huge fireplace, and there were candles and little smoking chimneyless brass lamps that had been brought by different families, and these cast their flickering and uncertain light. The programme as scheduled was four hours in length, but the debate began early, and the October evenings were long, and the mountains of Kentucky do not demand short sermons or speeches.

I opened the discussion by stating the arguments given in the geogra-

phies. I told of the masts of the ships which appear before the hull; of the round shadow which the earth casts on the moon; of the fact that certain men, some of whom I had seen, had actually sailed around the earth, and so on.

But my opponent scouted the mast-and-hull argument, and declared that it might be true and yet prove nothing. Moreover, it was evident that to people living among the hills an argument based on unobstructed vision was ineffective; they had no experience which helped to interpret it.

As to the eclipse, the preacher declared the eclipses varied. He had seen one of the sun, and the shadow came off on the same side it went on; how could that be if my revolution theory was correct? Eclipses were freaky things, and nobody knew how they would act. As to the story of men's sailing around the world, who did not know that men who traveled were notorious liars? They came back knowing it was impossible to disprove their large stories, and people expected them to lie, and they did lie. Or, if the man who told this story did not lie, he might have been mistaken. "Like as not he sailed 'round pretty nigh the ridge of it, and so came back all right, but he kept on the top side all the time," said the minister. He added with gestures that "the world may be round this-a-way" (i. e., round on top), "or even round this-a-way" (i. e., cylindrical), "but hit aint round this-a-way" (i. e., spherical).

Then came the positive part of his argument. He appealed to reason and observation; he had sat up one night to see whether the mill pond ceased at any time to run over the dam, as with the slightest inclination of the earth this one level stretch of water should have done. He had been something of a traveler himself and had been twice to Virginia and once well down in Tennessee, nor had he found any place where the earth appeared to curve. He ridiculed the theory which would compel us to hold on to the trees at night to keep from falling off, and squarely denied that there could be any people on the under side of the earth walking with heads down, and foolish enough to think their heads were up.

Then came my colleague, who reminded them of the fly on the apple, and illustrated by shadows on the wall the theory of eclipse and the procession of the seasons.

Then came the other minister. He had come far—"cl'ar over the aidge of the yirth in Laurel," as he ironically told us in his introduction. He was not bound by any false notion of courtesy; he did not live here, he said, and he proposed to hew to the line and let the chips fly where they would. This was an age of new ideas, and most of them false ones; it was a time when people were likely to believe a lie and be damned; it was a time for the friends of the truth to stand by the truth, and not let any false ideas of friendship or hospitality keep them from exposing error and branding it as such.

Having so spoken, he moved around to where he could confront me and began his argument. He was a stalwart man, a giant in stature, and looked taller in his jeans coat, which he wore without a vest over his hickory shirt, and his gray jeans trousers. His name was the same as that of a Tennessee general in the civil war, and he was related to him. Certainly he showed no fear that night as he faced this new and dangerous error.

He began with the declaration that the Bible declares that God laid the corner stone of earth and stretched the line upon it. He asked how a straight line could conform to a curved surface, or a round earth have a corner stone. He went on to affirm that the course of the sun is from one end of the heavens to the other, and that if the sun is stationary the Bible statement must be false. He showed that the Bible says there is nothing hid from the heat thereof, whereas I had told of the poles long in darkness and in winter. He went through the Bible and sought out a long array of quotations. He got as far as Joshua, and spent the rest of his time upon him, and promised to resume next night. The closing addresses summed up matters, but did not materially change the status of the argument.

My friend, the teacher and I took counsel together. It was plain that the audience was divided in its sympathies. A small majority, we judged, was against us. We had chosen for our judge the legislator with whom I boarded. He was an old school-teacher; had been county commissioner of schools, and we were sure of his vote. Our friends had chosen another preacher, and we were sure he would vote against us. These two had chosen one of the local officers—a constable—and until that year a school trustee. Personally he believed the earth flat, but he had a warm regard for me, and his children were in school. How he would vote was uncertain. But apart from this we wanted to convince the community. So we prepared some simple apparatus to illustrate the motions

of the heavenly bodies, and the next night began again the discussion of the question: "Resolved, That the earth is flat and stationary, and that the sun moves around it once in 24 hours."

The discussion of the second evening developed no great or new ideas on either side, but the arguments grew more earnest, and on the side of our opponents more personal. The second speaker was in dead earnest, and was dramatic as well. He chose a position beside my chair, and made occasional hammering gestures descending toward my head. I thought of the trip hammer so finely adjusted that it could touch a watch on the anvil and not break the crystal, and I hoped his mighty poundings would continue to stop above my head. At the close of each heated period he cleared his throat with a threatening gargle, looking down at me the while. At times he indulged in sarcasm.

"He's a college student—ah! And he's come out here to instruct us—ah! Yes, and to larn us about the shape of the yarth—ah! And he knows more'n what Joshua did—ah! Brethering, do ye reckon Joshua didn't know what to pray for? Did he say 'Yarth, stand thou still on thine axel-tree?' No! He says, sezec, 'Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon—ah! And thou moon in the valley of Ajalon—ah!' But he knows more'n Joshua! Yes, I shouldn't wonder if he allows he knows more'n God A'mighty that writ this book—ah! I tell ye, brethering, hit's the docterin of infidelity—ah! And any man that 'll teach it ought to be drummed out of the country—ah! R-r-r-r-r-ek!"

Truly, there was more to be said on this side of the question than I had thought. And it was evident that the audience was by no means a unit in our favor. The hour drew late. The discussion ended, and the judges went out in the dark to decide.

The vote stood two to one in our favor. The constable cast the deciding vote. But he admitted to me that he was not fully satisfied. The decision lay somewhat heavily upon his conscience. He sought an interview with me soon, explaining that his vote was on the merit of the argument as he understood it, and not an indorsement of my position on the question. He asked me to come home with the children and spend a night and answer some other questions. So a few nights later I stayed at his house.

After supper I set a candle on a stool, and, taking a ball of yarn, stuck a knitting needle through it, and walked 'round and 'round the candle, holding the ball high on one side and low on the other, and turning the ball the while. The explanation lasted long, but at last it was counted satisfactory. My friend, the constable, declared himself converted. So we went to bed, and the earth rolled out into the sunlight again.

After all, we are not so far removed from the same opinion. When Cotton Mather preached in Boston that the sun is the center of the solar system—and Cotton Mather, spite of his vanity and follies, was a progressive man in his day—so learned and intelligent a man as Chief Justice Samuel Sewall, went home and recorded in his diary his protest. Let us not hasten to call people ignorant who went into isolation in Sewall's time and have kept pretty well the ideas of his age on some matters.

But I must tell about two of my converts. One of them came to me when I returned next year. He had been to London, the county seat of Laurel county. The railroad had just been finished to that point, and he had seen it. The rails, he said, were as far apart as he could reach, but as they stretched away in the distance they almost came together.

"Don't that show," he asked with the zeal of a new convert, "that everything works toward the center of gravitation?"

The other was my friend the constable. The subject came up in our first meeting. I brought it up, and he fought shy of it. So I pressed the matter, for I suspected that he had fallen from grace. At length, he said: "Well, I reckon I mought as well own up. They say an honest confession is good for the soul. You made that seem mighty plain, and I thought I believed it. But I wasn't comfortable. 'Peared like every time the old thing flopped over she was goin' to spill us off, and I couldn't git around Joshua and the corners and foundations of the earth. And I said: 'Let God be true and every man a liar! And I don't want to believe it, and ain't agoin' to.'"

I took the hand of my friend and said: "If I were in your place I don't believe I would."

So I have no doubt there yet remains opportunity for some ambitious reader of this story to try whether his own success may be more enduring.

One of Dinah's Surprises.
A Baltimore woman recently secured an old and typical southern cook named Dinah, whose unfamiliarity with city ways and her questions were a constant source of amusement to the family.
One morning shortly after she arrived the door bell rang and Dinah answered it as usual. In a minute she came back with a surprised expression. "Missus," she exclaimed, "der am a man dere what wants 24 cents for de Sun." Mrs. Just gave her the money and she returned to the door.
After the man had gone Dinah asked: "Does you hab to pay for de sunshine here, missus? In Virginia we don't hab to pay for de sun. It's just as free as de air of hebben."—Baltimore Sun.

Supreme Court Sustains the Foot-Ease Trade-Mark.
Justice Laughlin, in the supreme court, Buffalo, has ordered a permanent injunction, with costs and a full accounting of sales, to issue against Paul B. Hudson, the manufacturer of the foot powder called "Dr. Clark's Foot Powder," and also against a retail dealer of Brooklyn, restraining them from making or selling the Dr. Clark's Foot Powder, which is declared, in the injunction of the court, an imitation and infringement of "Foot-Ease," the powder to shake into your shoes, now so largely advertised and sold over the country. Allen S. Olmsted, of Leroy, N. Y., is the owner of the trade-mark "Foot-Ease," and he is the first individual who ever advertised a foot powder extensively over the country. The decision in this case upholds his trade-mark and renders all parties liable who fraudulently attempt to profit by the extensive "Foot-Ease" advertising, in placing upon the market a spurious and similar appearing preparation, labeled and put up in envelopes and boxes like Foot-Ease. Similar suits will be brought against others who are now infringing on the Foot-Ease trademark and common law rights.

An Emphatic Touch.
The man who lives in a flat and is often annoyed by the violent piano playing of his otherwise agreeable neighbor of the floor below remarked to his wife the other day: "That Smith downstairs would make an elegant carpet beater."
"Why?" asked his wife.
"Oh, he has the regular carpet beater's touch," replied her husband.—N. Y. Times.

Cruel Girl.
"Your conversation, Mr. Hevman," said Miss Peppery, suppressing a yawn, "reminds me of some champagne."
"Ah!" exclaimed Hevman, much pleased, "so sparkling as that?"
"No, but it's extra dry."—Philadelphia Press.

The Bright Side.
"It is said that lobsters will be extinct in 25 years," remarked Hiland.
"Oh, well," replied Halket, who is very fond of lobster, "let us not worry about it. Let us look on the bright side. We may all die before that time."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

A Preferred Caller.
"It is always customary for the family to sit on the back porch when the daughter has a beau, but an Atchison girl has such a Good Thing calling on her that the family leave the premises and go and sit in a vacant lot across the alley."—Atchison Globe.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.
An Unkind Cut.—Tess—"Do you think the cut of my skirt pretty?" Jess—"Yes, indeed; very." Tess—"Do you, really?" Jess—"Yes; I had two like that when they were in style."—Philadelphia Press.

Don't you know that by too much zeal for a cause you may drive away a good many reasonable people.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

The judgment of the girl who sits sighing for a career while her mother does the housework is in need of mending.—Well-spring.

Any place with just the right pair in it is as much of a paradise as was the Garden of Eden.—Good Cheer.

A man is never so wretched that he forgets his bad habits.—Atchison Globe.

A square deal—The sale of a city block.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The hypocrite prays cream and acts skim milk.—Chicago Daily News.

The merit that leads great souls to emulation leads little ones to envy.—Ram's Horn.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Kansas City, July 18

CATTLE—Beef steers	3 70 @ 4 10
Native stockers	2 70 @ 3 20
Western steers	2 90 @ 3 75
HOGS	4 25 @ 6 10
SHEEP	2 25 @ 3 50
WHEAT—No. 2 hard	61 1/4 @ 62 1/4
No. 2 red	62 1/4 @ 63
CORN—No. 2 mixed	52 1/2 @ 53
OATS—No. 2 mixed	40 @ 41
RYE—No. 2	58
FLOUR—Hard wh't patents	3 10 @ 3 20
Soft wheat patents	2 75 @ 3 40
HAY—Timothy	15 00 @ 17 00
Prairie	15 00 @ 17 00
BRAN—Sacked	14 @ 15
BUTTER—Choice to fancy	9 @ 10
CHEESE—Full cream	7 1/2 @ 7 7/4
EGGS	75 @ 1 00
POTATOES—New	75 @ 1 00

ST. LOUIS.

CATTLE—Native steers	4 00 @ 5 00
Texas and Indian steers	3 25 @ 5 00
HOGS—Packers	5 30 @ 6 00
SHEEP—Native	3 25 @ 3 75
FLOUR—Patents, new	3 25 @ 3 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	63 1/4 @ 65
CORN—No. 2	51 @ 52 1/4
OATS—No. 2	34 @ 35 1/4
RYE—New	53 1/4
BUTTER—Dairy	14 @ 15
DRY SALT MEATS	8 12 1/2 @ 8 62 1/4
BACON	9 00 @ 9 50

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Steers	3 65 @ 6 15
HOGS—Mixed and butchers	5 85 @ 6 17 1/2
SHEEP—Western	3 90 @ 4 00
FLOUR—Spring patents	3 30 @ 3 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	67
CORN—No. 2	48 @ 49
OATS—No. 2	32 @ 32 1/2
RYE—July	50
LARD—July	8 57 1/2
PORK—July	12 35

NEW YORK.

CATTLE—Steers	4 00 @ 5 30
HOGS	6 25 @ 6 60
SHEEP	3 00 @ 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	73 @ 75
CORN—No. 2	53 1/4 @ 53 1/2
OATS—No. 2	37

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Dr. Wood
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FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Tobacco is now grown in 45 counties of Wisconsin.
Ocean steamers can ascend the St. Lawrence river 986 miles.
A vessel going from Montreal to Port Arthur has to ascend 600 feet.
About 1,000 fishing boats engaged around the British coast are named Mary.
Americans are estimated to spend at least \$400,000,000 a year in vacations.
Out of a single tree in Dyer county, Tenn., a citizen got four cords of firewood, three gallons of honey and five raccoons.
An almanac 234 years old has just been sold in Boston for \$155. It was printed for the year 1667 by Samuel Green in Cambridge.
According to the official census figures the population of the United States one year ago was 76,303,387, a gain in ten years of 12,937,008, or 20.7 per cent. It is now, according to the same ratio, over 77,000,000.
Texas is five times as large as England and 34 times the size of the state of Massachusetts. The entire living population of the globe, 1,400,000,000 people, divided into families of five persons each, could be located in Texas, each family with a house on a half-acre lot, and there would still remain 70,000,000 vacant family lots.

WONDERFUL CASE IN INDIANA.

Buck Creek, Ind., July 15th.—Mrs. Elizabeth Rorick, of this place, had Rheumatism. She says: "All the doctors told me they could do nothing for me." She was very, very bad, and the pain was so great that she could not sleep at night.
She used Dodd's Kidney Pills, and she is well and entirely free from pain or any symptom of the Rheumatism.
"Are you still using Dodd's Kidney Pills?" was asked.
"No, I stopped the use of the Pills some time ago, and have not had the slightest return of my old trouble. I am sure I am completely and permanently cured."
Many in Tippecanoe County, who have heard of Mrs. Rorick's case and her cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills, are using the Pills, and all report wonderful results.

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